

# Sins of a Galaxy

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Summary: Even after the ancient ones have long been vanquished, there are still those that would want to see the galaxy burn in oblivion. Would the galaxy be untied against those that would restart the cycle all over again, or be destroyed? Will contain world-building.

## 1. Prologue

\_\*\*Author note: this is my first multiple universal crossover fic involving Ratchet and Clank, Mass Effect, Transformers, Aliens vs. Predators, Star Wars, StarCraft, Avatar, Halo, and many universes. \*\*\_  
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\_\*\*Please leave a review or comment about any spelling or grammar mistakes. \*\*\_  
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\_\*\*Thank you and enjoy the story. \*\*\_  
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\_Peace is not an absence of war; it is a virtue, a state of mind, a disposition for benevolence, confidence, justice.  
>-Baruch Spinoza<em>

\_It is an unfortunate fact that we can secure peace only by preparing for war.\_

\_-John F. Kennedy\_

\*\*300,000,000\*\*: A separate dimension was create by a species called 'The Ancient Ones' who were drying off by an unknown virus. The dimension will later be populated by beings that left the dimension of the living and cannot continue. The dimension will soon be called the \_Ghost Zone. \_

\*\*200,000,000\*\*: Warships from outside the Milky Way galaxy arrived, carrying refugees from an endangered species that had suffered through a civil war. They're known as Precursors.

Knowing that their species is doomed due to their low population numbers, they set out across the galaxy seeding life across millions of barren planets. The Precursors were soon betrayed by one of their own creations when they choose another species instead of them to hold the Mantle.

While the war continued, they didn't notice they were observed outside their galaxy, waiting for their chance to wipe them out and began the cycle anew.

By one hundred fifty thousand years, the last Precursors were driven out from their home, hunted by their advanced fleet. Their own creation has now taken the responsibly of the Mantle.

**\*\*125:000\*\***: A cold war erupts between the Forerunners Ecumene and the Human-San 'Shyuum Alliance as each had claimed the Mantle of Responsibly as their own, though it does not start a war between them.

**\*\*120:000\*\***: Contact was made between the Forerunners and an alien race known as the Zoni that came from their home dimension due to a civil war. The forerunners quickly took interest in the Zoni of bending time itself.

The Zoni, unlike their Forerunner allies, who hated humanity for claiming of upholding the Mantle of responsibly, were interested in humanity in how they uphold the Mantle.

They were pleased when they saw as humanity intervene on a world that was home to four-legged equines that were similar to those on their home world, were on the verge of extinction due to their biological factors not allowing them to apart to the wildness.

The humans were able to stop their extinction by creating separate trails that will allow them to survive ad adapt: One trail will allow them to spawn wings and another to have horns that can discharged and displayed psionic abilities, allowing them to survive against the beasts, and giving them the change to develop their own civilizations.

The natives will soon name their planet: Equus

They will be kept under watch on their development until the Human-Flood war.

**\*\*110,000\*\***: During their colonization of other planets, the humans discovered automated cargo ships of unknown origin, which had supposedly arrived from one of the Magellanic Clouds and crashed on planets near the edge of the galaxy. The humans found no crew, but they did find millions of small transparent cylinders filled with an unknown powder. Early tests showed the powder to be harmless and useless, being composed of lifeless short-chain organic molecules and tested it on animals.

What they didn't know that they just accidentally unleashed a terrible evil on the galaxy. In the few years, their thousand-old empire will began to crumble after world after world succumbed to the parasite known as the Flood.

Their empire was slowing collapsing under the threat of the flood if not for the help of Zoni, seeing that the flood was the greater threat, they secretly aided the humans and helping their Forerunners allies repelled a invasion of their space when an enemy, calling themselves the Reapers, began invading after the forerunners found one of their creations: The Mass relay. The Reapers obscure themselves outside the galaxy due to the Precursors had the technology to destroy them, waiting until the right moment to strike and began the cycle of extinction.

**\*\*109,989\*\***: The humans were able to find and create a cure for the flood, but was forced to sacrifice about third of the population and "fed" them to the Flood. The new genes aggressively killed off Flood bio-matter and destroyed the Flood until the few that survive were forced to into hiding, driving them out of the galaxy.

But due to their worlds being overrun by the flood, they were forced to colonize others that are under the auspices of the Forerunners, and forced to destroy some of them due to flood infection.

The Forerunners, able to drive off the Reapers due to the enemy limited FTL, driving them off into dark space and systematically destroying every relay near their space, destroying any mass relay they can find, making the entire Orion Arm cluster completely devoid of Mass Relays.

When news reaches to the Ecumene of the humans invading their worlds and some cases, destroying them, they declare war.

With the war turned into two fronts, the human empire begun to collapse, their allies, the San 'Shyuum had surrender; their home world was being quarantine and their advance technology taken away.

The forerunners were able to break through the human lines and surround their capital, Charum Hakkor, and lay siege to it for fifty years until they finally took the planet.

For destroying their worlds and killing countless species, the remaining humans were stripped of their technology, their civilizations smashed, and the remnants exiled to their home world, reduced to a per-technological state from which they would be forced to start again.

The ones that were part of the government and the military were executed for their crimes, but one of them, an admiral by name of Achak Anaba, instead of moving on, was sent to the \_Ghost Zone\_.

He would later be called by the other ghosts: \_Pariah Dark.\_

**\*\*98,379\*\***: The Flood entered the Milky Way galaxy and initially caught the Forerunner military and the Zoni by surprise at G617 G1 using captured non-military vessels to penetrate local Forerunner naval blockades to descend and land upon Forerunner-colonized worlds, overrunning local defenses and converting billions of Forerunners per world with hundreds of millions of Flood forms within a few years. Eventually, Forerunner and Zoni fleets were forced to commence orbital bombardment on Flood-infested worlds to prevent the Flood's spread to other planets.

After three hundred years of warfare between the Flood and the Forerunners, the highest levels and tiers of the Forerunner Fleet Command and the Zoni began to realize that their species extinction was plausible at the Flood's discretion as so many Forerunners and Zoni had fallen victim to the Flood.

**\*\*97,448\*\***: The forerunner-flood war comes to a close as in a last desperate attempt to destroy the flood; the forerunners, guardians of the galaxy and the successors of the Precursors, fire the halo arrays, weapons of untold destruction on a galactic scale, destroying themselves and all life in the galaxy, depriving the parasite's food supply. The forerunners, using their technology can stored data logs, embryos and DNA samples onto keyships where they are to be taken to their respected home worlds to begin life again.

During the final days of the war, the Librarian had stopped her husband and imprisons him on the forerunner shield world, Requiem for attempting to destroy humanity. Seeing that the war was already lost, decided that her race's time as caretakers of the galaxy is over. She picks humanity as the heirs to the mantle, but instead she had chosen a second race from a nearly cluster of space known as the Polaris Arm: home to a race that held some similar traits to Humanity, allowing them to uphold the mantle along the Humans are ready to ascend when one of the great caretakers', Orvus, of installation \_Percussus\_, persuaded her, to allow them to stand alongside humanity to project the galaxy and beyond. She had called this species, \_Rebuilder\_.

**\*\*50,000\*\***: Prothean scientists on Illos, able to construct a ship with makeshift parts from nearly deserted cities, loaded the ship with a bomb that had the power of wiping out an entire fleet. Boarding their ship and using the mass relay network, they were finally able to reach the citadel after weeks of scavenging fuel from wrecks of Prothean warships and reaper husks, but one of its members was quickly indoctrinate, they quickly killed him but before he died, he succeed in destroying the timer on the bombs. With no choice left; they activate the citadel and enter dark space. There they activate the bomb, completely wiping out the reapers but at the cost of their own lives. The Protheans are now completely wiped out. The Reaper that wasn't present in dark space, Sovereign, feeling the shocks from his brothers being destroyed all at once, completely destroying the machine's mind, leaving a lifeless, but functional, husk, hiding in the darkness corners of space.

**\*\*36,000\*\***: With enough political support from most of the kingdoms of the \_Ghost Zone, Pariah Dark \_was able to overthrow the ruling government of the \_Ghost zone\_, known the \_Observants\_ by using two artifacts left by the ancient ones called the Ring of Rage and the Crown of Fire, giving him unlimited power. But the power had quickly corrupted him, turning him into a tyrant and ruling the \_Ghost Zone\_ \_with an iron fist.

**\*\*6,256\*\***: The war for Unification has ended on Fastoon. The last remnants of the Lombax city states have all been united under the newly formed Lombax Coalition. The Lombax Praetorian Guard was create to protect and attack against those who threatened the Coalition.

**\*\*6,200\*\***: The Lombaxes launch their first colony ship, achieving

space-flight status after excavating a forerunner installation in the Polar Regions. Research on slipspace begins.

**\*\*5,992\*\*:** Nimbus and Actium in the home system are completely terraformed and colonized. The first cities are beginning to appear. Mining of the asteroid belt begins. Lombax population reaches 23 billion in the home system.

**\*\*5,990\*\*:** The first Lombax AI is created on one of fastoon's moon, Agustin. They named her Adreanna, named after Queen Adreanna Feroso of the former city state, Guerreiros De Honra.

**\*\*5,989\*\*:** The first slipspace drive has been complete and has been installed for testing on a lombax battle cruiser named, Prometheus. The test was a complete success. It sends the ship to a nearby star system 23 light years from the home system. Plans are putting in place for the first interstellar colony.

**\*\*5,983\*\*:** Research on gene therapy had generated excellent results. It quickly improves the strength and stamina in all troops and navy personnel.

**\*\*5,979\*\*:** Ark-5 colony ships had been constructed and complete. The colony ships, installed with the new slipspace drives along with a convoy of frigates and cruisers, make the jump towards the star system. The transit has been successful without any error.

**\*\*5,977\*\*:** Scientists have accidentally invented what they called a "Warp drive" that could travel at apparent speeds greater than that of light by many orders of magnitude with a mix of their own technology and forerunner.

**\*\*5,976\*\*:** Colonization of the Prometheus system has been complete. The moons around the two gas giants in the system have been terraformed and settlers begin setting in. more forerunner artifacts had been found in the system.

**\*\*5,345\*\*:** The colony, Castellum, in the Prometheus system, becomes the first lombax fortress world. Its orbit is now filled with shipyards, along with about sixty orbital defense platforms, another three hundred are already under construction.

**\*\*5,341\*\*:** The three hundred orbital defense platforms are now complete Castellum; a forerunner installation is discovered on one of the border worlds. Archaeological and scientific groups stir up great interest when the installation they were excavated was reported to have a monitor. Unlike the other installations the coalition has discovered, their monitors were either deactivated, losing it memories of its creators and their purpose, or have gone into rampancy. When they arrived at the installation, the monitor greeted himself as 511 Vertumnus light.

This came to shock when he greeted the scientists and archaeologists as 'rebuilders'? He reveals that the installation was monitoring a planet that was going through severe climate change with life on it. The forerunners were about to invented, but they were tie up with flood and regretted leaving it to its doom. The lombaxes now discover why the technology was so easy to access for them. The lombaxes are the forerunner heirs to project life in the galaxy. The monitor also

told that there was another heir to the forerunners. One word that made the forerunners artifacts a top priority:

\_Reclaimer\_

**\*\*5,340\*\*:** With the help of the monitor, they were able to get access to the information stored in the installation. This greatly improves the lombaxes technology and cause an explosion of innovation within Coalition space, creating many wonders. The Huragok are discovered, living in forerunner shield world, named \_Refugium\_ \_Deperditam.\_ They are quickly uplifted and fully acquainted in Coalition space. The technologies in the shield world are savaged, and are being reverse- engineered.

**\*\*4,786\*\*:** The fifth series of sapient robots are created on one of the Lombax manufactured world, Quartu.

**\*\*4,784\*\*:** The Sentient Synthetic Civil Rights act was passed unanimous through the Coalition senate. Droids and AIs across Coalition space rejoiced, but many still serve their creators happily.

**\*\*3,967\*\*:** More than 900 worlds had been colonized thanks to the advances of the forerunner's artifacts and due to the \_Unha Hora\_ system by using the military as a major construction force to help accelerate colonial development and training the colonists to defend themselves. The lombaxes lifespan has been doubled, giving older family members a second chance to have new children, increasing the population from 50 billion to 85 billion. The colonies are either well-developed or in developing; the lombax Coalition has taken controlled more and more of the colonization efforts as they discovered alien fossils on several worlds. Military buildup begins in case first contract goes wrong. Plans are draw up for a new ship design called a super dreadnought. It will be about 40 km in length, 12 km in width, and 9 km in height. The first one will be complete in about 20 years.

**\*\*3,456\*\*:** The Gadgetron Corporation is founded by the merging of the two biggest weapons manufacturers in the Coalition: COG arms and Dark light industries. Gadgetron quickly becomes one of the most popular suppliers in weapons, armor and gadgets, quickly becoming the Coalition's main military supplier.

**\*\*3,451\*\*:** The first series of heavy-armed MECHS are created by Gadgetron to provide the Military. They will be used for space and ground combat.

**\*\*3,947\*\*:** The explorer ship, \_Hector\_, along with it security force, has gone missing. Fearing the worst, the Coalition ordered a fleet of 180 ships, commanded by a young rear Admiral, Ainmire CoÃ±ecemento, a direct descendant of one of the researchers on the slipspace drives, Oaken CoÃ±ecemento; The fleet, thanks to the explorer ship last known location was in a system with strange electromagnetic readings, arrived at the edge of the unknown system, they quickly detected a ship about the size of a dreadnought. The fleet went in full-combat readiness and prepare for the dreadnought's response. What came shocking to the rest of the fleet was when the unknown ship transmitted a message, written in their language.

"\_This is Optimus Prime, leader of the Autobots, two days ago your ship, the Hector, discovered our home world Cybertron. We were to

made contract, but our enemies, the Decepticons, attack. We were able to repel them and destroy them, but the Hector took damage, crashing on Cybertron, and we, while coordinating with them, were able to evacuate the majority of the crew. From the orders of Autobot High Council I have come to offer a alliance with the Lombax Coalition to retake Cybertron." \_ The young admiral, while dazed at making first contact, transmitted the message back to Coalition HQ back on Fastoon.

After relaying back the message, Ainmire contacted the Autobot ship, inquiring if they have the crew of the \_Hector\_ with them. They reported they do, but many of them are in critical condition. They requested docking permission, but due to the size of the Autobot ship; instead they sent in a small transport.

The first super dreadnought, called the \_Leviathan\_, is launch out of drydock.

\_Unknown system\_

\_Time: 0900 hours\_

\_The CLN Dreadnought Crusader \_

\_Hangar bay \_

Ainmire scratches the silver-haired goatee procured under his furry chin, letting out the long-awaited yawn he had since this morning. His brown fur glistening from the hard lights above him and his escort; He, along with a company of Praetorian Guard, carrying the new HI6 assault rifles fresh off the assembly lines of the industrial world of Kalebo III, home to the Headquarters of one of the biggest corporations in Coalition space, Gadgetron, was waiting for the Autobot transport that was carrying the crew of the lost ship, the \_Hector\_.

Patiently waiting for the visitors, he took time to glanced around the hangar bay, seeing his fellow crew members, mechanics and workers, even seeing a couple of Huragoks, repairing or modifying their fighters, smelling the slight elation of the vapors being juttet from the mechanical tools, the memories of his first ship was something every Lombax could never forget.

'\_We sure did come a long way.' \_

His lips curled into a ghost of a smile at that thought. For over the past two thousand years, the lombaxes were able to colonize many worlds, bring wealth and prosperity to many people living under the banner of the coalition. Thanks to the mass influx of many forerunners artifacts, it had ultimately change to many levels of technology to the Lombaxes: weaponry, engineering, conventional transport, ship designs, armor, shielding technology, anti-gravity technology, terraformed equipment;all the wonders that brought great changes to his proud race.

The Lombaxes, despite their long and violent past, were an honorable and selfless race that believe once that all technology were gifts left behind from the goddess herself-\_Erea Cancio\_-the goddess had appeared during the dark ages of Fastoon seven thousand years ago. Seeing the destruction of her home, she create, in her own essence,

servants from the heavens to save her race. They brought back wealth and prosperity, power of governance and order, the art of learning and the cultural arts, bringing back the hidden glories of who they are in this existence.

Thanks to her efforts, the Lombaxes elected a monument on top of a hillside near a village in honor of her, which soon later become a city due to a mass influx of pilgrims and thus becoming the capital of the Lombax Coalition. Until the discovery of the artifact in the southern polar regions, The Lombaxes had already constructed several space stations and research stations on Fastoon's two moons.

Though historians and theorists had long ago proven that there was no deity that unify the city states, billions across coalition, especially out in the core regions and outer sectors of lombax space that celebrated her legacy.

Plans were already put into place for the first shipyard to be built, but the construction of the station came to halt when the installation was discovered. Ainmire let out a small laugh when his grandfather told him tales of how the people's reaction to the news back then; Most of them were excited about it, but others well, they wanted it destroy, believing it bring attention to another power. Hell even some call the installation's "Erea Cancio last gift" When she ascend to the heavens when her mission on restoring the Lombax race was comp-.

His train of thought was soon washed interrupted when his com-link, concealed under his sheaf of his uniform on his wrist, beeped.

"Admiral, the Autobot transport has been spotted exiting its warship, should I notify the medical team about some of the Hector crew members being injured?" A feminine voice bare through the speakers, said.

"Yes, notify them immediately. Also, has High Command reported back, yet?"

"No word from them yet, sir, but you has gotten a message from your brother. Should I send that to your quarters?" That there made Ainmire cocked his eyebrows. This mission was supposed to be top secret only known to the highest levels of the Coalition and to the crews and captains of every ship in the fleet, unless he. Join the navy. Again, that only made Ainmire raised his eyebrows inquisitively. The last time he spoke to his brother was at a bar on one of the frontier worlds. He laughed softly as he remembered the conversation between them.

"There no way in hell I'm joining the navy, brother." His brother chided, taking a slip from his drink, drowning most of it in one gulp. Ainmire could only shake his head in irrational at his brother, drumming his fingers on the polish, wooden table.

><em>

The restaurant/bar they're currently residing in was very crowded. Haptic screens dotted the walls around them, broadcasting the latest news and coming from the core worlds, but it was effortless drowned by the loud, drunken slurring of the patrons, flaring from their intoxicate selves. Walters, a combination of both sexes, darted



around the restaurant to cater the needs of many; either filling out their orders of food, or simply \_

"\_The Last time we had this conversion, you couldn't join because there wouldn't be any chicks." Ainmire chuckled., not noticing the stern expression from his brother's face, sending glares at him.

\_

\_Before his brother can rebuke his older brother reply, one of the waiter came up to them and handle them their food.\_

"\_Thank you ma'am" Ainmire said, giving the waiter the money to pay the food as well a tip. The waiter thanked him and leave to attend to other\_ \_customers, but not out craning her head over her shoulder and giving him a wink. His brother saw the whole thing\_

"\_I don't really get it? Every time I hit on chicks. I either get ignored or kick in the balls." His brother commented.\_

\_Ainmire chuckled, drowning another shot of his drink.\_

"\_I dunno, maybe because I got the looks of our father." Both of the brothers laughed.\_

"\_Or maybe you got that from our mother. She was always using those 'special charms' on the men during her college years."\_

"\_Meaning they stared at her ass the entire time." Both of the brothers erupted in laughter again, drawing some looks of the patrons before returning back the their business \_

"\_Now than, brother let's eat." They both begin dine down. Ainmire had ordered a onyxman's salad with a tea of breegus nectar next to it. His brother on the other hand, had order an unhealthy assortment of meats and drinks that could make everyone in the restaurant fainted in disgust.\_

\_Ainmire looked at his brother's meals.\_

"\_Really brother? One day that stuff is going to kill you someday."

\_

\_His brother looked at him, utterly confuse, while taking the part of his meal's leg off.\_

"\_What? It tastes very good." He said innocently, still taking a bite as his taste buds reacted to the delicious meat. \_

That was about 120 years ago and still in his brother 60 years, he still refuses to join either the army or the navy; his brother wanted to become a successful business man on the planet, breaking one of his and his brother's family oldest traditions.

Of course, Ainmire instead had follow into father footsteps, entering the navy, quickly acing the entrance exam with flying colors at the naval war academy on Castellum. He quickly got along with the students at the academy (and got hit on more.) His aptitude scores were impressive enough to make himself an admiral in no time; he graduated at the age of 21 and quickly assigned on the CLN destroyer, Cactus, patrolling the outer border worlds, looking out for pirates

or raiders that could pillaged any world that they came across.

He rose to the rank of captain after the previous one had died during a pirate raid on the border world, Hellos Five, a world enriched in mineral fields invested in a rare mineral called Raritanium to be melted down and made into armor for soldiers and ships. The pirates were defeated due to the bold tactics of Ainmire by ordering multiple inter-system jumps and firing everything at the attackers; this tactic proved successful and with less casualties.

Ainmire was awarded the Star of Azimuth, quickly gaining fame from the public and drawing the attention of the defense committee stationed at Aduton station in the center of Coalition space. But he and the fleet are undertaking the greatest event since first contact with the Huragok.

"Sent it to my quarters, I will look into this after the negotiations are over, Sara." He ordered.

"Yes sir." And with that, Ainmire shut off his comm. He perked his ears as he listened to the conversions of his crew mates.

"So, Hawk you hear about this new race."

"Hey, can someone get some huragoks down here. One of the elevators is broke again."

"Alright, which one of you assholes put gay porn on my computer again!"

"Five credits that this new race is an all-female race."

"Has anyone seen my wrench?"

After listening in to a couple of conversions, his ears splayed back, hearing the sound of thrusters approaching.

'\_They're here.\_'

He turned to the Praetorian Guard closed to him. "Get your men ready, Sergeant Decimus." His words carried as the familiar sound of weapon safeties clicking off and mutters of confirmation came. A

"I know, sir. I can hear them too." Decimus, in preparation of hostilities, ordered some of his men, carrying rocket launchers, to dispersed around the hangar bay to provide cover fire, of course that would be kindly meanness since these "Autobots" had save their people and are given them back.

The doors to the hangar bay open slowly. Andrew held his breath as the doors slowly revealed the autobot ship.

The hangar doors were finally open, finally seeing the autobot ship. The ship was about larger of a vehicle transport, about filthy feet in height, ten meters in width.

But about the looks of it, it wasn't suited for combat. He turned to Decimus, seeing the man's hands have tightened around his standard Praetorian OmniWrench. He looked around to his other guards doing the same thing as well with their weapons. Ainmire looked around the

hangar bay, seeing that crew had stopped working on their ships and equipment to see the new visitors.

The ship slowly enters the hangar bay, passing the shield that keeps the hanger from depressurizing and sucking everybody in the darkness of space.

The autobot ship slowly hovers, revealing two large pylons under it, releasing steam as a ramp extends itself on the floor.

Gears begin to grind and whorls of steam began to die down as the door to the ship slowly pressurized. The tension in the air grew quicker and quicker as the door opened.

**\*\*THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.\*\***

Ainmire did all he could of keeping his claim facial the crewmen around gasped when the 'aliens' had finally show themselves.

(I will be using mix of Transformers Fall of Cybertron and Transformers Prime models in this story so don't kill me for this.)

The first alien to appear was robotic in nature, it color scheme on it torso was mostly red. It body was a bit blocky and bulky. Its eyes were blue, but no pupil whatsoever. The alien didn't appear to have a mouth (?) to speak from.

The alien trekked down the ramp, creating little 'thumps' along the way.

Ainmire mind on this alien was mixed. This alien could easily kill anyone in this hanger with its size, but it wouldn't get far as the newly installed MECHS were in camouflage mode, already in place around the hangar bay.

Then a second alien appeared at the entrance of ship. But this one was almost the height as the other, about twenty five feet, except this one looks female by her chest size. Her eyes are the same hue as the other one. The female alien body scheme was a mix blue and pink with the bits of white. She make her down the ramp and stood beside the other, though judging by the alien's complex facial expressions, it had anger and sadness in those eyes.

Then two others appear from the entrance: one torso was colored yellow and almost the same height as the other alien beside him. The alien had a weapon that seems to resemble a pistol in its right mechanical hand, and had cylinder disks attached to its arms.

The other alien next to the yellow one was physical build for war itself. Carrying in his two arms was what looks like heavy weapons, it's exoskeleton was painted mix of red and black. On the sides of his arms and legs looked like wheels.

The two beings spit as their mechanic feet touched the ship plating. The yellow one took his place near the female one, as the other took its place among their '\_leader\_'.

Silence emitted from both of the parties across each other, daring not to move to cause a political shitstorm, and possible a war. After

a long period of dreaded silence, Airmire step forward, walking towards their leader. Through all of his experience as the captain of the Crusader, this first contact will definitely go down in the history books.

Airmire stared at the blue eyes of the leader, feeling the sweat on the back of his furry head, believing the one who sent the message, Optimus Prime.

'\_What a strange name for an alien.' \_He thought. Airmire clasps his hands behind his back and spoke.

"Greetingsâ€|Optimus Prime, I'm Rear Admiral Airmire Red of the Coalition 49th expeditionary force of the Coalition navy. By the orders of the Supreme Admiral, Valente MacNobaill of the \_legionary\_ committee, and me of course. I welcome you and your comrades on the CLN (Coalition Legionary Navy) dreadnought, the Crusader." A very pleasing smile appeared on his face as he said those words, awaiting the response from the autobot leader.

The autobot known as Optimus Prime stare at the little organic captain known as his race, the Lombaxes, greeting him and his comrades in peace and cooperation, his auto processors clicking back to the day where the tide of the war was foretold, and

When he and his comrades were defending the autobot city, lacon, the capital city and home to the Autobot High Council, from their enemy that had waged war over their homeworld, Cybertron, the Decepticons, for thousands of years. While the siege of the capital continue, a burst distress signal was detected on edge of their home system.

He could still remember the distress call that Preceptor had quickly translated.

"\_Mayday, Mayday, this is the CLN Hector is anyone on this damn frequency. We're under attack from an unknown force, requesting inimitable assistance. The CLN Parede de lume has been destroyed by unknown forces. The Hector is heavily damaged and are attempted to land on the nearest-\_"\_

The distress call ended with an explosion in the background.

He and the rest of comrades were beyond shock, seeing that their enemy has attacked an unknown race.

During that day, at first, Optimus Prime feared that the war has now expanded out of control that involved another species that was attacked unprovoked.

As the Hector violently descend on the planet, gathering the attention of both Autobot and Decepticon soldiers as they both froze in shock and awe at the mysterious burning craft descending through the atmosphere.

The craft finally crash, immediately alarming the Autobots sent in rescue teams while the Decepticons sent their soldiers tried to capture the ship, but were met with heavy resistance from the surviving crew and the few of the newest MECH mark IIs that they had in storage, stalling the Decepticon horde.

While the Decepticons were fighting the remaining surviving crew, Prime and his team were able to arrive at the ship almost upscale.

They were able to contact the crew when the ship's AI was alerted to their presence, after a brief standoff from one of the nearly security teams the AI had alerted to their presence, and able to contact the ship captain, who luckily survived the clash.

Yet, what was shocking to the Cybertronians were the MECHs suits that the lombaxes use for themselves. They moved so fluidly in battle as Cybertronians themselves, hell, they might be mistaken as one of them f not for the lack of Energon.

By the end of the day, they were able to drive off the Decepticon attack on their ship, preventing them from gaining any information on the species, or their tech.

Now he stands here, on this massive dreadnought of theirs, already he saw their fleet, ships that have enough firepower to make even megaton himself pause.

"Thank you for the greeting, rear admiral, I wish this meeting was underâ€|better circumstances." He spoke. His years of experience during the war had made him an excellent at diplomatic with rouge Decepticons that have seen the true colors of their cause and left in disgust to join the Autobots.

But despite the deficit of many former Decepticons, he knew it wouldn't change the course of the war since many still believed that the high council is still corrupted and everything would still be the same, even if they lost.

Optimus Prime mentally sighed as he remember his friend, Megatronus, once a gladiator from Kaon that wanted change for the people of Cybertron, bring back the equally among the social classes. He even spoke to the high council for his proposal of a just society for all, but as his powers grow, so does his greed.

He demanded the matrix of leadership from them and to be named the next prime of Cybertron, but the council refused, fully revealing his true colors. Optimus did not believe that violence and force would bring in an equal society on Cybertron. The sparks and the minds of the council were moved by his words, making worthy of being a prime since his kind golden age.

Megatronus, now known as Megatron, cut all ties to Optimus and the council, seeing that war is the only answers to achieve his goals. Soon, Cybertron was ravaged by his army, now named by himself as Decepticons.

For thousands of years that war plagued their world. Millions dead from both sides, lines on multiple fronts that barely changed; even the civilians on both sides didn't escape the atrocities of the war as they were subject to executions, cleansing, and rape.

But a few days before, the war had shifty changed. Megatron had taken control of the station that makes Dark Energon. A substance that was once invented by his kind long ago in an attempt to increase its yield and power, but however was quickly found to be a mistake, the

Dark Energon was quickly shown to corrupt anything it touched, including Transformers, spreading like an infection that overwhelmed and altered the victim.

The creation of Dark Energon was banned, long forgotten by the people as centuries passed. Only the blueprints of making it have longed kept a secret, only the highest forms of the government only know. The only way to create Dark Energon was an ancient space station, guarded by a sky commander named, Starscream, and his two seekers, Thundercracker and Skywarp, guarding the station from anyone that uses it for their own ulterior ways. But one day, Megatron had attacked the station that was carrying the last source of Dark Energon, quickly taking it over thanks to the betrayal of Starscream.

Then Megatron decided to attack Iacon as a distraction for him to poison the heart of Cybertron, the core. It seems shock to many, including himself, that Megatron would try to infect the core, no, lifeblood of Cybertron, clearing proving that the man didn't not care for the people, only his thirst for power.

But maybe today everything would change. The war may finally end with the help of their allies, the Lombaxes. He has seen the ferocity of their fighting against their enemies. Despite his views of not allowing other species they've not made first contact with, to not intervene in their war, but these are desperate times now; they barely stop Megatron from poisoning the core of Cybertron, almost dooming the planet itself. If he could convince the Lombaxes to join, then the war would be over soon.

"Agree, but by the actions of these 'Decepticons' against my kind, I highly doubt my government-" The comm on his wrist chime, interrupting him from what he was saying.

He answered it, "Yes, Sara, any updates on the Coalition response?" His face suddenly turned into a grin as he listens over the report from Sara.

"I see, thank you for the information," He shuts off his wrist-comm. The grin still plastered on his face.

"Apologies for the interruption there, Optimus, the ship's AI, Sara, has just informed me about the current situation with the Coalition. They've declared war and had ordered the second and third fleets to meet with my fleet to help you with your civil war." Even to himself, the response from the Coalition to send two fleets, about three hundred each, to help the Autobots was consider very odd, at least.

'\_I guess this whole 'first contact' is bigger than I thought it would,'\_

Regardless of the many years the Lombaxes had been in space, politics has always stayed the same since his kind first gasp at the concept. Politicians will always get what they wanted, despite what their allegiance is, and to who, always working to maintain their own power base. Even during the unification wars, Politicians will always tried to get the upper hand in the political circle, whether by assassination or bribery, to gain an edge against their enemies.

But since the dawn of the space age, politicians have been very restricted over the usual political nonsense like domestic policy, economic downturns, and what not instead of stabbing each other in back.

He can't tell the expressions on the Autobot's face, but he can guess the alien is either surprise or veryâ€¦claim by his answer.

"Now then, Optimus, in order to finalize this alliance, we need to shake our hands and sign a document with my government." To emphasize this, he held up his hands upwards towards the autobot. Several of them tense at this action, but we're claim by the medic.

Optimus consider this action very reasonable, He has read their history, their wars. This is a race that fought against itself, but when they had realized their mistakes, they unified under a sense of brotherhood that he, too, saw in only in his kind.

When he read about them creating Artificial Intelligence, and when she came online, most of them treat her like an organic being. Even after the war, would they treat the same to his race? A war they were forced to join because of the actions of his enemies.

He already made his decision.

"I, Optimus Prime, representative of the Autobot council and my race, gladly accepted your offer of alliance between our races for continue peace and prosperity." He keened down to move his metallic hand to shake his organic counterpart. They finally made contact as the feeling of metal meet organic fur. The somewhat cold feeling of medal sent down shivers down the rear admiral's spine, as well. Optimus felt the warm fur of the Lombax as his metal hand shake, keeping his hand from crushing any bones.

He can't predict what would happen after this, but the answers wouldn't matter as the gasping of both hands of two equal beings, signaling the change in the horizon of this war.

Maybe now he could finally get that desperate peace for his sparkmate.

\_Imagine all the people living life in peace. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us, and the world will be as one.\_

\_John Lennon\_

\_\*\*Codex page\*\*\_

\_\*\*-The Coalition: \*\*\_\_the Coalition is the government that governs the Lombaxes and it interstellar territory. Create by the end of the Unification wars on their homeworld, Fastoon. The Coalition is the only government that is run by the three \_\_Legislative\_\_ branches. The Magistrate is the Representative Head of the government to sigh laws passed by the senate or the House of Representatives. The Coalition is currently have over nine hundred worlds in it's despoil to use, and by current projections, the settlement of new worlds won't stop growing. \_

\_\*\*Forerunners: \*\*\_\_The Forerunners were one of the many races that

were created and spouted by the Precursors across the galaxy, and one of the few that were chosen to wield the Mantle of Guarding all life in the Galaxy when the Precursors finally departed.\_

\_When the flood came, they were at a disadvantage at many fronts, with their military dismantled due to the fact that peace was finally settle in galaxy, but it only left them undefended. The forerunners knew they were going to lose, so they began building super weapons that could destroy the flood's only food source: Sapient life.

\_

\_Even today, The Coalition kept the demise of the Forerunners a secret, in fear of a panic. They declare that any Halos to be found are to be contain and be study under watch. If any flood specimens were found, they'll be either be destroyed or taken to be study to one of the heavily-guarded Warden Systems. \_

\_\*\*AU: Finally got the first chapter done for this. Anyways, I like to point out that this is a Halo x Mass Effect fic. Yes, the first chapter is mainly about the Transformers and Lombaxes first contact between each other.\*\*\_

\_\*\*The two chapters will be timelines until the fourth one where the 'real' setting starts. \*\*\_

\_\*\*Please review about any mistakes I've made and I'll fix them as best I can.\*\*\_

## 2. Chapter 2: War and Reformation

\_\*\*AU: Here the second chapter of Sins of a Galaxy for you luckily readers out there. Another timeline chapter, but don't worry, the fourth chapter of the story will start the main events.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Warming: The history of some races has been changed for the sake of this story. \*\*\_

(Late) 3,947: Second and Third Legionnaire fleets finally arrived at the coordinates, provide by the CLN ship, Crusader to begin preparation of the invasion of Cybertron. The Autobot-Coalition treaty has been finalized by the senate and revealed to the public of first contact. Though the public panicked at first, of first contact going wrong, but was balanced by the fact that most of the crew of the ship, Hector, has survived and take care by the Autobots.

All three of the Legionnaire fleets were nearly ready; they were attacked by the Decepticons, but the battle quickly turned into a slaughter as the lack of information on the new enemy numbers and the limited forces they could sent due to their own occupied on Cybertron. With the attack failed, it gives the Lombaxes the opening chance to attack.

The next day, they launched multiple simultaneously attacks, in cooperation with the Autobots, attacking in space and on the surface, by multiple Drop Operations (about three). The space station that had supply the dark energon has been destroyed during the first Drop Operation when the Coalition Fleets had achieved Orbital dominance over the planet.



Over the next two days. Heavy urban fighting in the cities become the daily basis as the Decepticons desperately tried to hold on, but with Orbital dominance by their new enemies and the huge numeral advantage, they slowly wither away as their own, and occupied, cities fell one by one.

By the end of the month, about ninety five percent of the planet landmass was fully controlled by Autobots/Lombaxes armies. The only territory the Decepticons had was the Capital city of Kaon, already under siege as the last remaining Decepticons hold the city validly as the enemy slowly taken the city. To not endanger the city or its civilians, Orbital bombardment was not permitted in the cities, but is allowed in unpopulated areas.

Knowing that the war was lost, Megatron still continued to fight, furthering proving his insanity as his armies all crumbled around him. Further proving this idea was that he'll execute anyone who tries to surrender. Day after day, he'll launch suicidal attacks to break out from the siege, but failed, only ending in more casualties for his remaining armies. Civilians that were trapped in the city were forced to be draft and sent to the front lines with little to no training as the city was slowly destroyed all around them.

With his instantly affecting his mental mind to lead, his most loyal commanders were beginning to doubt, even the silent Decepticon, Soundwave begin to doubt of his master, with their enemies getting closer and closer to their fortress, several of the commanders began planning a coup.

When the fortress was stormed by several Autobots, including Optimus Prime and several of the Lombax Praetorian Guard, found the body of Megatron, his body pumped with poison. Behind the body were the remaining Decepticon commanders, no weapons on them. They formality asked for surrender terms in agreement that they won't be harm. Prime agreed and they surrender.

The war is over. All over Cybertron, the last shots of plasma rifles and Gauss finally stopped as both autobot and Lombax, got up from their trenches, as the calls of surrender were made by the other side as their enemies got up from their own trenches, their cause lost as they silently walk across the scarred battlefield.

There was no cheering, only sorrow and the chance to rebuild what was lost in the conflict.

Many of the same commanders that were involved in the coup against Megatron were soon, put on trial for war crimes. Many were executed or had been given life sentences. Many on both sides were cornered, especially to the autobot side, concerning about their solders, which, they had spent their entire lives, fighting the Decepticons. Not knowing what to do, with the war over, most having problems adjusting to civilian life that would take years to overcome.

Back in Coalition space; please with the deployment of the leviathan, despite its limited action during the month-long conflict, the senate commissioned five more to be construction at various shipyards to be deployed at the various sectors that are under pirate attack when finished.

To further improve relations with the Cybertronians, The Coalition has allowed the military forces, along with many charity groups, to take part to help in the reconstruction.

3,946: Reconstruction has been complete across many major cities: Altihex, Axiom Nexus, Crystal City, Gygax, Hive City, Cybertropolis, and Stanix. Other cities such as Lacon have already been fully repaired a year earlier.

The MECH Mark Two suits have finished their prototype stage and are now entering production.

3,944: With the upcoming second anniversary of the end of the Cybertronian Civil war, and thousands of Lombaxes emigrated and building their lives on the Cybertronian homeworld, the Coalition has announced of giving away four systems, rich in resources, for the Cybertronians to colonize.

3,943: Controversy stirs in the Coalition as a relationship between a Lombax male and a Femme tried to apply for marriage, but was turned down. Many groups on many worlds rallied behind in support of the couple and called out for the legalization of interspecies marriages, even on Cybertron was experience protests from their own people, especially from veterans who fought with the Lombaxes, to force their government to allow the same thing.

After an intense debate in the senate, the Interspecies Act Accords was signed into law.

3,943: The new Colonies were beginning to develop as thousands of Cybertronians made new lives on the new worlds, even if there isn't any energon on the plant. With the increased emigration towards the new colonies, the council finally finalized to build to rebuilt the navy to protect their new holdings instead of allowing the Coalition to protect them, but despite that, joint-patrols began along the their borders.

3,913: The lifespan of the lombax has been expanded further, due to the release of the new nanotech released by Gadgetron. The age of a standard Lombax is now five hundred.

3,500: After exploring the outer sectors of the Bogon sector for more planets to colonize, a joint Lombax-Cybertronian Expeditionary Force stumbled across seven unknown ships above one of the garden worlds. Following first contact protocols, they sent a message to the unknown, waiting caution as they waited their reply.

The aliens sent their own reply, while quickly decipher by the Expeditionary Force AI, they also sent in biology data to show what they looked like to them. Though, shock with the similarities by the Lombaxes, first contact with the (now known) Cazar was peaceful.

(Late) 3,500: Trade routes are established with the Cazar Republic, a nation that is in control of five hundred worlds in the Bogon sector; cultural exchange also begins as many Cazars began emigrated towards the Coalition outer colonies, and some, towards the core worlds. Talks of a unified government between the three nations began.

3,440: First contact is made with the Markazians when one of their ships was detected near the border of the Cybertronians. Diplomatic relations and trade routes are established. The Markazians though shock, to meet a race that is completely robotic, in nature, and two races that had several physical similarities to them, talks began between the four about joint-colonies.

3,425: On the world of Aiur, a world home to the race known as the Protoss, a species that has once been watched over by the Xel'naga millions of years ago, a race of extragalactic geneticists that were at the end of their life cycle, were intrigued by the Protoss psychic link, watched and help the Protoss developed by altering them with the Khaydarin crystals, but instead, the Protoss began to place greater pride in individual achievements rather than the benefit of the community, causing many of the tribes on Aiur to distant themselves from the others, seeking their role not only within their immediate society, but the universe as a whole.

This soon began the bloodiest in the Protoss's history as the Xel'naga left their homeworld. The Protoss soon fell into a state of madness in which they raged and whimpered. Their advancement slowed as the individual Protoss tribes wage war against each other.

The massive war was soon called the Aeon of Strife.

3,410: After the long decades of debate from all four of the governments, the Polaris-Bogon Unification Act is signed by Coalition, Czar Republic, Cybertronian Council, and the Markazian Federation, effectively creating the Polaris-Bogon Systems Alliance is officially established, governing all territory of the original signers. Even though they are semi-independence from each other, but a council is created to enact laws that affect all of Alliance space, though it is kept with restrictions to not overstep any boundaries that would cause dissent among the populace.

3,101: Contact is made with the Terachnoids; Diplomatic relations are established on their homeworld, Terachnos. The Alliance asks the Terachnoids to join the council, they agree. Even though relations are peaceful between them, many are annoyed by the Terachnoids when they make fun of their intelligence when using Tech support.

2,200: The San'Shyuum Civil War begins as the reformers, who wanted to enter the ancient Forerunner Dreadnought, but it was an affront to the other San'Shyuum religion, who believed that the Dreadnought shouldn't be touched. The Disagreement soon turned into a bloody civil war.

The war ended in 2,100, when one thousand Reformists barricaded themselves in the Dreadnought. As the Stoics were unwilling to destroy the object they revered, they were indecisive over what to do. This allowed the Reformers to activate the Dreadnought and leave, taking a huge chunk of the planet with them. The Stoics cursed the Reformers to exile, never to return.

2,000: After exploring and securing the entire Bogon and Polaris sectors, with the thousands of colonies and the populations near the billions, The Polaris System Alliance begins exploring the outer regions of the Orion Arm Cluster.

1,990: The few systems to be discovered outside the Bogon and Polaris

are colonized. Reports of hidden Forerunner's artifacts and one unknown structure, hiding in the mountain regions of the southern continent, were taken in account.

The expedition to the unknown structure turned out to be Zoni, not Forerunner. Though the name 'Zoni' has been mentioned a few times in many Forerunner ruins, but actually finding one was astounding to many. The ancient structure reacted the same way as the other Forerunners ruins: Only activated through a Rebuilder.

The structure was fully intact with no trace of erosion on the building material inside the interior of the structure. Though the purpose for the facility was later revealed to be a research post for the planet, but still an extraordinary find to many scientists and scholars.

1,950: Civil war breaks out in the Ghost Zone as seven powerful ghosts led their rebel army against Pariah Dark in attempt to free themselves of his tyranny and restored freedom. The revolt failed, and the rebel leaders' sentence to death and the people even more repressed. The ghost king soon turned his attention to the outside of his domain as he attempted to break out the dimension void to the living world.

1,900: Tuchanka, the krogan homeworld, enters the nuclear age. In a global conflict, weapons of mass destruction are released, triggering a nuclear winter. In the resulting devastation, krogan society devolves into a collection of warring clans.

1,800: A supernova propels the Mu Relay, the only point of access to the remote cluster; later known to be the Pangaea Expanse, out of position. Concealed somewhere in the dense nebula formed by the supernova, the relay position is effectively lost for centuries. Later, the species known as the Rachni rediscover the relay.

1,700: The Aeon of Strife has ended with the mystic Khas, who studied the "forbidden" teachings of the Xel'naga and unearthed Khaydarin crystals. With the crystals, he was able to reestablish the psionic link his kind once lost.

With this power, he traveled through his homeworld, teaching the Protoss to join the psionic link. This late the philosophy called the Khala. He eventually reunited the majority of the Protoss, forming three castes and a new tribe.

The warriors and students to surround him became the Ara Tribe.

The next group of tribes became the Templar Caste (the warriors), and the majority of the Protoss became the Khalai Caste (workers and artisans), thus ending the ending The Aeon of Strife and brought on the Second Age for the Protoss as they began colonizing other planets using the ancient Xel'naga warp gates on their homeworld.

1,230: First contact is made with the Tharpods, a peaceful race that worship nature and has the ability to connect with the small critters of their homeworld. Trade is established between them, and the Alliance asking them for council membership. They accepted, and quickly earned many respect as their experience with animals has them tamed many dangerous beasts, which, are quickly put into use in the military as War Beasts.

1,150: While the Alliance and its member states enjoy their golden age, on the planet of Equis, home too many of the races that were once by the Ancient Humans, then, the Forerunners. One of the many species, Alicorns, the fourth breed of one of the five species on the planet, has carved a large empire on the continent, \_Equis.\_ Though firm in their beliefs in peace and Harmony on the outside, but due to being the hybridization of both breeds of pony, has increased their psionic powers above all the others, but to them, it was known to them as magic.

With their new-found racial superiority, they placed themselves as gods among the other breeds, turning them into nothing more than second-class citizens to slave off to their authority. Slowly, dissent is speared across the Alicorn Empire as their masters demanded more, and more for increasing greed.

1,000: As the outer sectors of the PBSA continued to grow, about almost one thousand colonies of many of the council. As the Alliance prospers from the many trades' routes and with piracy declining with the numerous attacks on the colonies being repulsed by the ever-increasing navy forces that patrol the areas that are most heavily hit. As many thousands to the near millions migrated to the new colonies that are being built by the military, with the current trends, the people of the Polaris-Bogon Systems Alliance will enjoy a golden age of progress, peace, and security.

But it won't last long.

Near one of the colonies on the borders of the Alliance, sensors picked up several hundred unidentified objects heading towards the colony of \_Nova Esperanza\_, a soon-become major manufacture world that'd soon supply the nearby planets and other sectors.

When the nearly patrol fleet responded to the call, the colony already went dark. When they arrived in the system, the admiral and many captains of the fleet were shock to see the young planet-inhabited by the colonists, burn as a large unknown fleet, numbered in the hundreds, bombard the planet as thousands of round streaking down from the unknown ships on the helpless Planet.

The other unknown ships soon noticed the patrol fleet approaching them in combat; they transmitted one message, proclaiming that the system belongs to The Cragmite Empire and they demanded their government to surrender.

The first contact soon turn into a full-blown battle of survival as the patrol fleet, though more advance, was hopelessly outnumber by the Cragmite colossal numbers as the patrol fleet was slowly being demolished, with the nearest fleet days away from their location. As both sides traded blow after blow against each, their rounds streaking through the empty space between them, impacting their shields or some cases, armor, skimming them away, damaging as many exploded into new stars as their reactors went critical, taking others with them nearby. Hundreds of holes dotted each other, injury to a great extent from their triad.

The climax of the battle came when the leading ship of the patrol fleet, a dreadnought, made a micro-jump into the middle of the Cragmite fleet and unleashed it full ordnance onto them, releasing

its fury. Its captain ordering the remaining ships to retreat. White stars began to form as Cragmite ships explode in the darkness of space.

At one last valiant act, the Lombax ship overloaded its reactor, creating a new star in its wake, blighting the ever-lasting darkness of space, taking any near Cragmite ship with it, including the Cragmite command ship.

The victory for the Cragmites was Pyrrhic, even with the numbers during the battle. They couldn't circumvent the technological advantage as the Cragmites will soon horribly find that out, as a large fleet-numbered in the thousands and two super-dreadnoughts in the lead-appear in the captured system, calling out for their surrender.

Facing overwhelming numeral odds, instead of retreating and fighting another day, they decided, in their pride, to stay and fight to an enemy that they consider inferior.

The result of the battle was a slaughter for the Cragmites. Their fleet torn to shreds from Magnetic rounds that vaporized their weaken armor. Yet, the Cragmites fought to very end as the last ship of their destroyed fleet turned into a new star. With the enemy fleet completely destroyed, the remaining ships of the fifth fleet soon turned their attention towards the devastating colony, sending in aid ships and troops to find any survivors that had made it to the bunkers that were build when the colony was first established.

Hope soon came as over One hundred thousand of the remaining populace was able to get to the bunkers safely; about two-thirds of the colony survived during the bombardment. Cleanup begins as Orbital Terraformers were being deployed to areas that were most heavily damaged by the bombardment.

As news reached the senate about the victory at Nova Esperanza, they breathed a sigh of relief that enemy advance was checked, but soon worry began clouding their minds when reports of unidentified ships scouting at the edge of the outer colonies. Only to disappeared when being intercepted.

Though ambivalent about the upcoming war on the horizon, eventually the senate voted on mobilization of all military, intelligence, and industrial assets against this new threat. As fleets and armies of the Alliance being deployed to colonies that are predicted to be hit by the Cragmites, and mothball fleets being activated to be quickly upgraded and refurbished to guard the inner and core worlds.

As the public reaction to the first hard contact with another sapient space-flight species, to the shock of the senate and many in the military, did not panic, but instead listen to the call of arms. Millions enlisted as they answered to the clarion of war.

The preparation and fortifying the colonies soon came fruit, when, a few weeks later after the first attack on Nova Esperanza, the Cragmites have returned in force. Thousands of ships lurched and pour through the systems, sieging them as both factions battled it out over the orbits and skies of the colonies. As thousands of ships fire slugs of their destructive weapons, steaming across the dark abyss that separating them. Their rounds slamming into both armor and

shield, wounding others, crippling them to the point of non-functioning, or outright destroyed, creating new stars among the darkness.

But despite the stern, defiance against the Cragmite hordes that are pouring in ships by the thousands every day, the colonies soon began to fell, one by one. But the victories the Cragmites achieved were, at a heavy cost, very pitiful. Even as they tore their way through the Alliance colonies, their supply lines soon came under attack from Alliance raiders, remnants of the fleets that were cut off from the Cragmite advance, soon plundered them of their supplies. Even worlds, occupied by the Cragmites Armies, soon came under the attacked as well, with the launch of a number of liberation raids to free the capture colonist, who, are quickly put into slavery as millions are shipped to other conquered colonies, or to Cragmite space to help fuel their industry of conquest.

At the end of the year, the warfront came to standstill as the Cragmite horde was finally stopped at the battle of Rykan V, a world enriched in minerals, and a major R&D world for developing top-secret weaponry and armor.

With the defeat of the Cragmite fleet, the Alliance gain a bit of a breathing room in the war; with the supplies lines of their enemy being stretched thin, and with increased raiding. The Cragmites were forced to cut back on their advances as they left token forces on their conquered worlds, only to be taken back from the Alliance.

In the fifth year of the conflict, as battle lines slowly changed, endless battles across hundreds of worlds being fought by both sides. Solar systems entirely devoid of life, only the shells of debris of ships, and colonies devastation for life to not recovered from.

Frustration with how the war was being carried out, the Cragmites soon began gathering resources, thousands of ships, and armies, numbering in the millions, to begin one of the biggest military offensives of the war that'd finally secure their victory.

The Polaris Blitz has begun as seven Cragmite fleets slipped through the outer perimeter of the Apex line, and began an all-out attack on the core worlds. Their goal was to knock out the homeworlds of the Alliance, gleaning what they could from captured histories and duplications. They hoped that their enemy would finally surrender after

In the late fifth year of the conflict, the Alliance was taken completely off ground as thousands of enemy ships poured through, launching massive offensives across the core worlds as they split into separate fleets to ravage the core worlds as they marched towards to their objective.

Dropping their ground forces onto the battled worlds, the Cragmites, knowing that their enemies' would send reinforcements, they simply a token force of ships around the sieging planets as they drew closer to the homeworlds.

The Alliance, white shock at the onslaught, quickly put a defiance defense against the horde. Hoping to delay their advance to help borrow time for the homeworlds to prepared and call back some of the

fleets from the front lines.

The homeworlds, even before the war, were considered to have one of the most densest defense systems in the Polaris and Bogon sectors in the Orion Arm. With the first contact with the Cybertronians, and the consequence from it, has convinced the Coalition to begin expanding their already-large fleets, and pour in billions of credits in constructing orbital defenses over every core world and many of the outer colonies.

When the Cragmites finally entered the home systems, they were decimated from the fanatic defending home fleets, delaying the enemy march in their home system. While several of the homeworlds, such as Terachnos and Markazia, quickly repulsed their invaders, but Cybertron, Fastoon, and Marcadia were being sieged as enemy ships continued pouring in, bearing down on the fanatic, but decimated fleets of the alliance as they valiantly fought against the never-ending wave of ships.

Fastoon faced the worst of the fighting as the Cragmites broke through the Defensive line and began a planetary invasion of the Lombax homeworld, but the invasion was stopped dead as the millions of Lombaxes fought off against the invaders, even Civilians were joining the fight, picking up anything that resembled a weapon and fought to the point of ramming ships into the Invaders' aircraft to stop them.

The battle raged day and night as the many cities fought to the last Lombax against the Cragmites. Their cities of thousands of years of development soon turned irreverent as the streets were littered with bodies of the dead.

Above the homeworld, the defending fleets reformed and re-energized as they fought more determination than ever. The remaining orbital defense platforms fired round after round, piercing the enemies' ships, watching them explode in the abyss of space.

The climax of the battle after the fifth day of the siege came as reinforcements finally arrived from the front to assist them. With their ships reformed and reinforced, and their enemy in disarray. They immediately counterattacked, cutting them off their FTL vectors; slowly, the Cragmite fleet was being destroyed by all sides. Armor bent as rounds impacted their armor, twisting them into nothing. Tiny white stars flickered for only seconds of life before fated as new ones began.

But, by chance, one of the Cragmites ships, heavily damaged by the encirclement, broke through the blockade, and appeared above the Fastoon, within range of the remaining defense platforms. The ship's captain, under orders from the remaining, surviving admiral, launched all of its anti-matter missiles down on the planet before being destroyed.

Though, the majority of the missiles were destroyed by anti-air defenses or fighters, even some sacrificed themselves to destroy them. But despite the heroic actions, many of them were able to breach the atmosphere, and detonated their payload over the planet; killing about 7.32% of the planet's population of twenty billion as tectonic plates erupted, causing tsunamis to wreck across the planet, submerging some cities on the coast. Water sources were destroyed,



such as dams, canals, causing floods in southern continents.

Volcanoes, once dormant and extinct, soon erupted across northern hemisphere, sending global temperature down as ash covers the skies. Even though their objective was to knock out one of the Alliance's homeworlds, it only doomed the Cragmite fleet as they were given no quarter. The Lombaxes, enraged at the devastation of their homeworld, furiously fought back against the Cragmites, leaving no survivors in their raging path.

With the last ship cut down, the results of the Polaris Blitz were something of a draw; tactically, it was an Alliance victory, with every colony that was attacked, none had fallen from the Cragmite horde. Their troops stranded on the besieging worlds without the benefit of orbital dominance, leaving their planetary invasions to stop in their tracks from the fortified defenders. The Cragmites' armies will soon surrender as Alliance fleets appeared over the skies, and aggressively bombarded them to submission.

For the Cragmites, it was the first, and symbolic defeat they had faced in the entire war. With almost a third of their naval forces gone as well, millions of their soldiers killed in the fighting, leaving many of their occupied sectors open to attack, and their fleets barely able to police many of the slave worlds that are on the brink of open rebellion against their masters.

One of the lasting effects of the blitz were the purges of both, military and navy, throughout the empire, either sending, or executing the senior members who had the most experience fighting the Alliance. Their warnings and advice ignored, leaving many of the major flaws that'll occur in the final years of the war.

(Late) 995: The Retribution Offensive began after the Alliance quickly rebuilt their forces from the aftermath of the Polaris Blitz, preparing their forces to attack where it all started: Nova Esperanza. While the Cragmites' forces defending were well-prepared and equipped, the numerical numbers and technology of the Alliance quickly overwhelmed them as the Alliance quickly took back many of their captured worlds. Slipping through the many breaches in the Cragmite lines, they quickly swept over the Cragmites, already weakened by the skeletonized force for the (failed) Blitz. By the end of the two month offensive, all of the outer colonies were liberated. Their populations cheer from the broken chains that kept them imprisoned for half a decade, erupted in celebration for their liberators.

With the outer colonies secured and bolstered by the fleets, the Alliance began laying plans, after recovering navigational data, for the invasion of Cragmite space, and bringing the war to its inevitable conclusion.

994: after consolidating and reorganizing their forces, the Alliance began the invasion of Cragmite space as thousands of Alliance ships blotted the skies of the nearby worlds of the Cragmites, quickly catching off guard, their ships defending them in orbit, burned from the overwhelming attack. Though the rules of war have long been stated that non-combatants should not be harmed, reports of Alliance soldiers harassing the occupied populace, even some reports of towns being massacred by roaming death squads that'd shot anyone that dare get in their way. Slaves that were transported to Cragmite space

early in the war were sent back to Alliance space to be treated and rehabilitation as a slave will take years to overcome.

As the Alliance press deeper into the Cragmite space, crushing all resistance and capturing their worlds, slowly approaching the Cragmite Homeworld, Reepor, the signs of the empire collapsing was slowly cracking as their navy was outnumbered to protect their worlds, allowing the Alliance another supply world as they marched on. The Alliance was able to liberate many of the species that were conquered by the Cragmites. The free Hoolefoilds of their homeworld, Merdegrow, and the Terraklons of Terraklon Six were grateful of their liberation, and has ask to joined the Alliance in their war against the Cragmites.

The final catalyst of the war came as the remaining naval forces of the collapsing empire, retreated towards Ublik Passage, an major interstellar trade route and the last military stronghold that leads to Reepor, leaving their remaining colonies unprotected and quickly swept under the advancing Alliance fleets.

The battle of the Ublik Passage, eclipsing even the battle of Fastoon, lasted about sixteen hours of combat ended in a victory for the Alliance after they donated the nearly star, destroying the space station, and the remaining Cragmite naval forces, leaving their homeworld vulnerable. Though at the cost of third of Alliance forces, the Alliance quickly organize their remaining navy assets for the final push to the Cragmite homeworld. The Alliance could breathe a sigh of relief that the war would be finally over, and peace will return at last.

The Cragmites, though their empire has completely collapsed, they refused to capitulate to those they consider inferior. Even to the point of arming several Antimatter bombs near tectonic plates of their planet, preparing to doom their entire population.

But the battle never came; the Cragmites simply took care of that.

Before they ever achieved spaceflight from their homeworld, the Cragmite homeworld was rife with conflict. The various empires that have carved their place onto the world battle each other for the various resources, slaves, pride, or religious holy wars that erupted across their home.

Yet, when the Empire was united, it kept the various subverted states in line as it grow more powerful throughout the years, but with the war with the Alliance, and slowly turning into its favor, and with the all-powerful Empire collapsing, they finally had their chance.

Reepor soon descended to civil war as the various nations clashed against each other, whether it is crimes that long since forgotten in history, or freedom to do about it, either in rage or enjoyment.

Even as the Cragmites torn themselves to pieces, the Alliance, while prepared, watch in astonishment as their enemy was being defeated by the internal fighting, watching the footage recorded taken by the stealth corvettes sent earlier. While the Alliance debated on how to proceed with the recent Cragmite rebellion, the Cragmite, in their

internal rage; several of their nations detonated the antimatter bombs, breaking the planet apart as mega tsunamis hit the war-torn coastline, submerged many cities along the war; Mountains torn asunder, earthquakes tearing apart the continents, killing billions.

By the end of a solar cycle, the planet Reepor, the grand capital of one of the largest empires in the Orion Arm Cluster, ceased to exist into a radioactive wasteland.

Across the Alliance, Civilians, of many species, cheer in the streets, and Soldiers on the front-lines roar in happiness that the war they've been fighting is concluded, watching the remnants of their hated enemy surrendering to them.

For their aggressive path in starting the war, enacted genocide orders, and faced various war crimes, the Alliance has degree that the remaining Cragmite space would be quarantined until they agreed to give their war-like tenancies and join the galactic community.

Many refused.

The final casualty count in the five-year war for Alliance was thirty five billion, both civilian and military, lost in the fighting. Thousands of worlds in the outer and core worlds lay in ruins. The economy was almost in ruins, to the point of an economic collapse. Piracy had increased as well, whether by staying out of the war, licking their lips at the many undefended worlds that were once protected by the (primary) fleets of the Alliance.

The Cragmites had gotten off worse from the aftermath; over forty six billion dead, their worlds devastated, either by the Alliance or by themselves. Their economy trashed, with their industry barley none-existed, either destroy or ship back to the Alliance to augment their own.

The surviving planets soon began to carve their own empire, becoming techno-barbarians, as they battled against each other, making their already-worsened situation declining.

993: Listening posts are stationed along the quarantined border, watching the Cragmite continued to enrolled into civil war; fighting over systems while the Alliance pours into billions of credits into reconstruction on their decimated colonies and into R&D to help project from any external and internal threats.

938: The San'Shyuum make first contact with a warrior species, the Sangheili, sparking a war between over the study of the rich abundance of Forerunner artifacts left behind in their systems. The Sangheili believed that Forerunner relics were sacred and should not be touched, while the San 'Shyuum Reformists believed that they should be studied and use them to make practical objects of their own design. The highly militarized and brutal Sangheili attacked the San 'Shyuum almost as soon as their differences became apparent, and a war between the two species raged for an eighty-six year period of time.

At the start of the war, the Sangheili had a numerical advantage in terms of ships and soldiers, and their strength and military tactics

overwhelmed their enemy by a considerable factor. The knowledge gleaned from years of travel and the capabilities of their Forerunner Dreadnought, however, gave the San 'Shyuum the advantage in ship-to-ship combat, the most common type of combat witnessed during the war.

Eventually both species came to fear a very real threat: annihilation. The Sangheili who feared it through the San 'Shyuum's use of the Dreadnought and the San 'Shyuum who came to admit that if the Sangheili were this dangerous, there might be other sapient life far more threatening, making their chances of survival in the galaxy slim. The long and brutal war caused the Sangheili to violate their very beliefs, study and incorporate Forerunner technology into their own in order to avoid defeatâ€” their incorporation of Forerunner technology eventually caused a stalemate in the war against the San 'Shyuum, although their Dreadnought proved far too effective and forced the Sangheili to surrender.

852: The Writ of Union has been formed, proclaiming the formation of the Covenant. Their main goal is to find any forerunner Artifacts, assimilate any species that crossed their path, and prepare for the great journey; long been called by the San 'Shyuum that had managed to decipher portions of data stored on terminals aboard a Forerunner Dreadnought.

800: Reconstruction ends as many worlds, healed and reclaimed, have been restored and resettled to their former glory. While peace has returned to many, the Alliance senate and its council had has authorized an increase in fleet defenses, billions poured into R&D labs to produce new weapons, armor, and new classes of ships to prepare for the next war. Never again would they be caught off guard from the unknown as they ready their fleets, defenses, and their armies, staying vigilance in the vastness of the galaxy, ready to stand against any aggressors.

580: the mono-gender race named, Asari, have developed faster-than-light space-faring capabilities based upon Prothean technology on their homeworld of Thessia, establishing colonies and industry in their home system of Parnitha, quickly discovering the Mass Relay network, and exploring it. Inevitably, they'll find the Citadel, a living relic of the ancients that harvested the galaxy.

520: A second species, The Salarrians, discover the Citadel and open diplomatic relations with the Asari.

480: On the ancient homeworld of the humans, Earth. At the pass known to the natives as Thermopylae, three hundred warriors called Spartans, and their allies defended the pass from the Persian Empire, holding it for three days before being overwhelmed.

The Spartans military training and discipline will soon inspire a new breed of soldiers during human emergence to the galaxy. Soldiers, that'd soon set the key to Humanity's survival.

\*\*\_AU: Sorry for the long wait, I had some stories on (and this site) that needed my attention. But I hoped this long chapter would at least please your hunger for more. \_\*\*

\*\*\_Anyways I put up a warming, saying that some races history will

change for the shake of this story. So, please don't complain if it doesn't add up to some. I haven't begun the third timeline chapter, yet, but I'll be working as fast I can. \_\*\*

\*\*\_Cheers. \_\*\*

\*\*\_-AustinGamer 117\_\*\*

End  
file.